

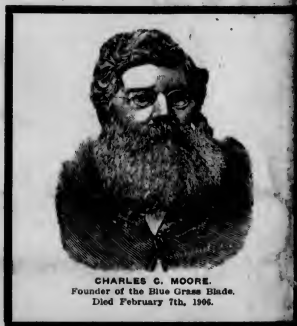
# BLUE GRASS BLADE

WE AIM TO CUT DOWN ERROR AND ESTABLISH TRUTH.

VOLUME XIV. NUMBER 49

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, SUNDAY, MARCH 11, 1906

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CHARLES C. MOORE.  
Founder of the Blue Grass Blade.  
Died February 7th, 1904.

JAMES E. HUGHES Editor and Publisher

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## EDITORIAL

Ability is measured by deeds.

Horse sense is often developed by the spur of the moment.

Enthusiasm is one of the world's greatest forces and sincerity is the backbone of success.

Folly and failure are the best chums. The man who only thinks cuts himself off from other men.

Suggestions are often valuable but argument is more convincing. Accuracy is even more invaluable.

Never try to teach experience, because it is foolish for you to think you know more than your fellow men.

Stupidity covers more sins than the proverbial charity, hence we should not be too harsh or hasty in our judgment of some people.

A happy disposition must be natural or cultivated. It can't be bought or borrowed. Time spent in fruitless labor is time wasted.

Truth, Courage, Independence—the three cardinal virtues of manhood. These are the chief attributes of a glorious race, true, transcendent, synonymous, and yet not the same.

After two thousand years of Christ on earth his followers have not yet reached that stage of human altruism wherein they can tender to their neighbor the big end in a horse trade.

It is admitted that land, labor and capital are the three great factors in production. Then all should be equal in all things. When the capitalist is able to buy a scrobbie duke for his daughter while labor is often on the verge of starvation it argues that capital is despoiling the other two factors.

One of our professional evangelists recently delivered a sermon in Lexington upon the subject of "God and the Fool," but we are of the opinion that both occupied the same platform at the same time, although he might have done better had he omitted the conjunction from the title of his subject.

Freethought would not blot from heaven one star of hope nor mock one earnest effort of mankind, but it bids the human heart to cease eating a glamour over the days that are dead. Remember that all the world's wealth cannot equal the splendor of the sunset sky beneath which the humblest can tread, nor can it rival the astral fire that flames at night's highnoon above the poorest hut. Age looks to the past. Bright youth ever turns its face to the untrodden future.

If one needed inspiration for more energetic labors in the cause of mental liberty, that inspiration could be drawn from the enthusiasm that characterized Freethinkers all over the country in the holding of Peine anniversary celebrations. Were there a Peine celebration would be held in every city, town and hamlet in our country every year. To him, more than any other one man, belongs the honor and credit of American freedom.

Can the Christian not realize how ridiculous he pictures the God he worships by making him instruct a priest how he shall carve his pantafoons or sacrifice a pair of pigeons, then standing idly by with his hands under his coat-tails while some drunken duffer beats the head off his better half with a book jack, while some bronze brute rips the scalp from a smiling babe? If that is the kind of a hair-pin who occupies the throne of heaven Lucifer had sufficient justification for raising a revolution.

The Bible may furnish much of value concerning the history and traditions of the Jews, but it is unfit for general circulation, and should be kept from the hands of innocent childhood. It should be kept under lock and key with Don Juan and the Decameron. It is rank with revolting stories and darkened by the shadow of a savage superstition. Yet there are men who gulp down its contents like an anaconda absorbing an unwashed goat. It is a commentary upon the Christian religion that in our day there is more ignorance prevailing and more fidelity has become the recognized correlative of education.

A subscriber asks us to explain the difference between an optimist and a pessimist. We can only reply that an optimist always points the small end of the telescope at the enemy, while the pessimist points the larger. The optimist is ever hopeful, partaking of the world's joys; the pessimist is ever sad at heart and finds not joy in anything. The optimist is the brass band at the head of the procession while the pessimist has come to the conclusion that the human race is rolling down hill to hell and is trying to hold it back by the coat tails. The optimist seeks and commends human virtue; the pessimist finds pleasure in hurling anathemas at vice. The optimist gazes upwards upon the stars; the pessimist is forever with his eyes fixed upon a cesspool.

By all the sacred bugs and beasts of Ancient Egypt what are our churches coming to? Starving people ask a Christian world for food and give them forty-eleven different brands of saving grace. Hossannas are sent to the throne of grace from costly churches while a starving babe is tugging at the empty breast of a dead mother. Many bibles and hymn books are being sent to famine sufferers in henten lands when beans and bacon would confer a greater blessing. From the standpoint of the modern church there is no longer a message from heaven, no God in Israel. The church is a mere social clearing house, an aesthetic forecourt to hell instead of the gateway to heaven. Hiring preachers who would get shipwrecked in the poetry of Shakespeare, or lost in the philosophy of one of his fools, pretend to interpret the plans of him whom we are told writes his words in flaming worlds upon the papyrus of immensity.

## TWO GOOD PAMPHLETS.

We are pleased to note the activity shown by the Free Speech League, of New York, aent the outrage perpetrated upon Moses Harman, editor of Lucifer, embodied in a sentence of one year's imprisonment upon the charge of sending obscene matter through the mails, the confiscation and destruction, by force, of one edition of his paper.

As one who has been compelled to face similar dangers, the Blade can extend a feeling of sympathy and regret, sympathy for the suffering such a sentence must entail, and regret that the bigoted cohorts of a brutish creed can obtain even a temporary victory in this enlightened age.

The Free Speech League is now engaged in the distribution of two pamphlets which discuss the all-important subject from which its title is taken and they should receive a wide circulation. One is an open letter by Prof. T. B. Wakeman to the President of the United States, and the other is

upon Postal Censorship in America by Louis F. Post. Each contain an array of interesting data interestingly told. For copies and information address E. B. Foote, 120 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

Be there in all the wide world today, a man of woman possessing even a partial intelligence who can really believe that before Almighty God, created the majestic universe and sent the mighty planets whirling about the blazing sun; that before the first star gleamed in the black, overhanging firmament or a single mountain peak rose from the watery waste, he calmly sat him down and mapped out every act of mortal man, decreed every war and pestilence, the rise and fall of every nation, the date of every birth and death? It may be excellent orthodoxy, but it is not good sense. Does it not accuse the creator of being responsible for all the sin and sorrow, the suffering and shame that since the dawn of history has bedeviled the earth with blood and tears? This may be the "Divine Plan" about which the preachers gibe so much, but honest men must doubt it. Where Reason sits enthroned God has been compelled to abdicate. Reason needs no celestial guide, no heavenly monitor.

## A FEW KIND WORDS.

Among the numerous kindly notices made of Editor Moore's death, none have gone deeper in our hearts than that by J. D. Shaw, in the last issue of The Searchlight. After mentioning the published facts connected with his death and funeral, The Searchlight, says:

"The patient resignation that characterized Mr. Moore's last days during which his suffering was extremely severe and the kindly spirit with which he treated every one, together with his firm adherence to the Liberal view of life and death made a deep and lasting impression upon his Christian neighbors, many of whom had expected him to re-act at the last hour."

"All reports speak in beautiful terms of Mr. Moore's good moral life and of his helpful character as a neighbor; also of his love and affection for Mrs. Moore and their children, three sons and one daughter. To them The Searchlight offers sincere sympathy, hoping that time will alleviate the anguish of the present, leading them to find in the recognition of his devoted life a pleasure and satisfaction, well removed from that of his presence in the flesh. With him the storms of life have ceased and well will he rest in the embrace of mother earth."

## PEOPLE THE WORLD NEEDS.

When the wheels of an intricate piece of machinery become clogged or interfered with, or out of place, the machine is seriously affected by the operation. So it is with society. If any part or portion becomes deranged the entire organization is affected thereby, more or less, some immediate, others remotely. The kind of the people the world most needs are:—

MEN who will put character above wealth; who will not lose their individuality in a crowd; who will be as honest in small things as in great things; whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires; who are true to their friends through good report and evil report, in adversity as well as prosperity; who do not believe that shrewdness and cunning are the best qualities for winning success.

WOMEN who are gentle, courteous and kind; who have not lost the ancient art of loving; in whom the material instincts are not dried up; who believe they have a higher destiny than a life of idleness and luxury; who will never speak uncharitably of the less fortunate of their sex; who consider it beneath their dignity to follow the dictates of the social set.

## WHY WAR UPON CHINA?

Full weary of the "weak, piping tones of peace" the American Eagle is spoiling for a fight with the Peacock of the Orient.

The pulse of those burning patriots who infest the national capital is again beating the reveille of war and their very souls are sounding the boots and saddles.

Why is it that we are on the verge of war with China? Why are the political bosses so eager for the bullet's mad hiss and the fearful crash of steel? Is human advancement to be born only of strife? Can only warring nations march in the van of the world's progress? Does a prolonged peace imply putrefaction? Is there a craze for blood, a lust for slaughter abroad in the land? Does it not appear as if the very stars are evil, and that Ate, raging hot from hell, had planted her burning feet upon every town? Can it be that here, in America, savagery is reasserting itself, and this professed land of Christ is drifting further and further from the Golden Age?

Suppose that America goes to war against China, what is the issue in controversy? Is some great human principle at stake? Has our flag been insulted or reproached cast upon our national honor? In what respect has China given such offense?

The trouble, dear reader, lies altogether with the meddlesome Mattie, who professes to be a Christian missionary. Although in a foreign land they are

unwilling to obey the laws of the country and strive to become, as it were, a law unto themselves. They toil not, neither do they spin, but they prey upon the people for their sustenance while demanding contributions from home. Unable to force their nostrums upon an unwilling people, they raise a—, appeal to one or other of the consuls, diplomatic notes are exchanged and unless apologies are forthcoming, h— is to pay.

Wherever the Christian religion has gone it foundations have been laid in human blood. From the very hour that Constantine committed a foul murder to more safely intrench himself upon the imperial throne, all down the centuries, with Charlemagne in his wars upon the Moors; through the Crusades; with its inception into Britain; its acceptance by the Huguenots; rivers of human blood have been shed in its behalf. Verily it is a bloody faith. It began with a blood offering in the death of its bland God and its end will come through the shedding of blood. Ever consistent with its own intolerant spirit a cry for more blood is being sent to the throne of heavenly grace and the war-dogs of America are to be turned against the inoffensive Chinese.

What would the American people think and do if, in a spirit of religious missionary zeal, the Chinese should attempt the same methods and practices in this country as the Christian missionaries are practicing in China? They would not be tolerated for a single day. Have we not even denied the Chinaman the right of entry into our republic? Then why should we seek to force him to an acceptance of our religion, a religion that is foreign to his history, traditions and national honor? If we reflect but for a moment upon the subject we cannot fail to observe that of all religions on the earth, more suffering, more agony, greater atrocities, greater crime, have all been perpetrated in the name of the Christian religion than all the other religions combined. The God of hosts is still a man of war and the age of blood offering has not yet passed away.

Clearly we have no rights in China, except such as may be extended by the common consent of the people. Our missionaries are intruders who breed hatreds, shame and fraud. For years the Christian missionaries have robbed the Chinese without mercy and persecuted them without remorse. It is less than eight years since the allied Christian armies of the world marched upon Chinese soil, shot down Chinese people, and came near fighting among themselves over a division of the spoils. Now the Christian mercenaries are seeking to convert the land of Confucius into a seething, political Vesuvius to cast its lurid swath a troubled sky.

Put the missionaries out of China and there will be no need for war. The Chinaman can never be won to civilization by holding a bayonet at his throat and reviving his religion.

## ON THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Did you ever try to realize how many of your every-day actions, both mental and physical, are entirely involuntary and determined by some previous impression of habit?

Do you know that in the commonest things of life we are all slaves to habit, and such abject slaves that we do not even suspect our slavery? Can you tell, without reflection, whether you habitually put on the right shoe or the left shoe first? Can you tell, on the instant, which of the two you have habitually taken off first all your life?

Again, for example, it might be said for you to realize that you have been in the habit of using but one side of a certain street. Men and women who walk to their business every day for years will fall into favorite routes which they follow mechanically. The careful housewife must have her sugar-bowl in one certain spot on a certain shelf or the whole house seems out of order. The meal not ready will put some entire families into an ill-temper.

These are but few of the innumerable little habits that make up nine-tenths of what we call living. There is not an impression, an emotion, an opinion; there is not a resolution or an action possible to man that is not influenced by fixed conditions within ourselves forming a habit of either body or mind. You cannot say, do or think anything without leaving a definite mark on the nervous organism which more or less affects all succeeding action, speech or thought. Nerve, muscle and brain sell all grow to the modes in which they have been exercised. If you are not forming habits in one direction you are forming the main another, and all your activities are making channels in which your energy flows towards good or evil.

Depravity is not an inheritance. It is a character formed by persistent evil habits. Vices, which at first seem like cobwebs, at last become as cables. Habit works either way with equal force. A generous deed promotes a succession of generous deeds. Virtue sweetens life and will, if given encouragement, become a second nature.

It is useless to try to avoid forming habits. It cannot be done. More negative virtue is poor stuff, anyway. Better to fill your life full of good habits for they make character and character makes destiny. Bad habits are as chains holding us prisoners. Good habits are like a well made harness, enabling us to do our work well in the world without friction or waste of energy.





this would mean the end of home and family affections. Thanks to an early death, men and women have refused to follow the example of Christ, in this as well as in nearly every other pattern he set.

Christ was a carpenter—that is he worked with the sacred father of his twelfth year. Just how old of a carpenter a twelve year old boy would make, the reader may determine for himself. At this time the lad ran away from home, or in other words disappeared. He may have worked some after that, but there is no record of it. He remained away for 18 years. Where he was, no one knows; but from the doctrine he came teaching there is no doubt but that he joined or mingled with an order of monks of the Buddhist faith, and then in the Buddhist and Confucian philosophies. Returning at the age of 30, he began introducing these principles to the Jews. He had no money, no money and sleight of hand practiced in the East, and these he used to bewilder and confound the Jews, till he practiced in the same.

The Jews, at this time, suffering under Roman rule, were praying for the Messiah to come and deliver them. It was an opportune time. Mystified by the magic and sleight of hand of Christ and his wonderful philosophy, they began to hail him as their Messiah, and Christ indulged it, finally coming out and boldly claiming that he was the Son of God, and the same as God. We know nothing about his thoughts and can only imagine what they were. He may have dreamed dreams of sitting on a throne, and he may have honestly thought, as fanatics think honestly often, that he might become the deliverer of his people. It is not necessary to believe that it is, as it is known by all.

Christ, for the next three years, lived a life, pretending to be a God, and the Savior of men for all time, working at nothing but prayer, and the magic, medicine, politics and providing no home, and taking no thought of the morrow.

We only had his word for it that he was God, and the only demonstration he gave of his godship, was his philosophy and magic, which the universally ignorant people looked upon as miracles. If Christ is to be taken as an example for men, what's to hinder any of us from being a God? All we would have to do would be to learn Hindoo philosophy and legendarism, and declare ourselves Gods, and those who come after us, would have our words for it, same as Christians have Christ's word for it, and there would be the difference?

But go back a little. Christ was a carpenter—that is, he worked at that trade with his peculiar father at the age of 12. The work of carpenter is honorable and necessary to all.

Now, to demonstrate just how people believe differently from what they pretend to believe about Christ, I will declare that there are hundreds of thousands of young ladies in this country, and millions all over the world, who wouldn't marry a carpenter, if they never got married. They worship this carpenter Christ as their God, and sing praises of him, and yet at the same time, they'll remain unmarried, and old maids all their lives, before they would marry a carpenter. Suppose a physician told today, followed his methods, taking Christ for an example, would those who worship Christ risk their lives in his hands? If this young lady for instance, in singling out a physician to follow, and then she should happen to dislocate her jaw, would she want a physician of Christ's method of practice to come and lay his bony hands on her sweet neck, and look up like the impersonator of despair, and pray for an hour or two, or would she want some nice young doctor of the wicked school of today, to come, and give her a few whiffs of chloroform, and wrench it back in a jiffy, and say, "there now, honey, your talking apparatus is as good as new, but next time, don't hang on to hallenahall quite so long." We all know which she would choose.

When I was in Rome (see "A Trip to Rome"), I saw the bones of a man who had lived in the world for three or four centuries. This old will cure any ailment. In Rome there is much curing by laying on of hands, and rubbing in of holy oils. But these were never tried by Pope Leo. When an Athlete died, Layton and the present Pope, Pardo, has retained the services of the same individual. Holy oil and laying on of hands for the ignorant, but none of it for popes or priests.

And so I might go on to the two hundred and seventy saints, showing that the very people who claim Christ to have been a divine example, who profess to follow him, and who worship him, are about the last to accept him as an example in the things which he morally, spiritually or physically.

If they accepted this supposedly perfect Savior at all, they should accept him as a whole. Instead, they accept him in spots, just as it suits their whims. If I had conceived of him as a whole, I would not have accepted him as their example, how can they expect the rest of mankind?

On matters of Sunday observance, no Christian in a thousand observes their Sabbath as they pretend to. They take their ease, feast, visit, read, worldly folks, go on excursions to camp-meetings, or revel at health resorts, theatres and watering places. Thousands of other people must labor on Sunday to provide these good Christians with Sunday comfort. They believe in doing no labor themselves, but would raise a holy howl, if their men and maid servants kept the day "holy" likewise. It ought to be plain now to this young lady, that it is altogether the way different people look at things, and that the followers of Jesus Christ, did not follow him, and that instead of accepting him for an example, they manufacture their own example.

The question of liquor—Millions of Christians are prohibitionists, but priests preach temperance to the people, but make bogs of themselves in drinking it. Rich Protestant Christians have their cellars stocked with the choicest old brandies. Why not? Did not Christ himself manufacture wine? On the other hand, there are millions of good Christians who would stop the use of it altogether. They positively reject the example of Christ. They would be horrified to see a priest convert water into wine, and pass it around; yet they will accept big donations from distillers and brewers, and even accept them as highly esteemed members of the church. Many good Christians are prohibitionists, but they won't vote the Prohibition ticket. Thus you perceive that Christian example is one thing, and Christian observance of it another. In fact, if Christians are prohibitionists, by the Christian interpretation and practice of it, the hardest thing in the world for the rest of us to understand would be the "Christian example."

There is just as hopeless a division among Christians as to what constitutes morality. Most preach one thing and practice another. You can hardly pick up a newspaper, but you read of some preacher corrupting some man's house, and if every offense of this kind came to the light, as well as many others in Christian society, the world would be shocked with Christian example.

A few mornings ago, about daylight, I was called to a hotel. There I found a holy man of God, who takes Christ for his daily example, unconscious in a bathtub. After two hours of strenuous exertion on eliminating and fuming, I brought him to his senses. He had come down to Cincinnati from some place up in Ohio, with a box of money in his pocket, collected from the dear brethren and sisters, with which he was to buy some stained glass windows for his church. These windows were to have Jesus in them, with a lamb around his neck, and bare-legged angels tooting horns, etc. etc. Well, the holy man had gone to a theatrical show, and after that had gone into a saloon somewhere, and had met some pleasant lady acquaintances, and had taken a glass of beer with them, and after that, he couldn't remember a thing, but he was trying to find his hotel. He had been given some knock-out-drops—and the gold watch which the lady members had presented to him, and the money for the "stained windows" was all gone.

He begged me to say nothing about it, and I help him hush it up, and I told him that I was an Agnostic, and if anyone asked me about it, I would tell them that I "don't know," and since I pronounced him, I won't give his name any more.

This is one of the thousands of cases that are hushed up. Now to go back to the young lady's letter. She says, "Who set the example? There certainly have been a number of examples, but if we would not understand the importance of living upright and honest lives."

Well, this is altogether, as I have previously mentioned, once or twice, just as people look at it. The good clergyman above mentioned, thought so much of the example of Christ, that he went to preaching it; and if it hadn't been for the example of Christ, how in the world, would he have "understood the importance of living upright and honest lives?"

What's the use to have a set example, I will ask her, if it is not followed any better than its followers follow it? Oh! those stained windows! A few weeks ago, I called on a patient—a young married man, and he was having a dispute with his father, who had been a minister, and he was a minister. They are both Christians. The father was trying to persuade the son to enter into a questionable plan to get the property, and agree to swear to certain things in court.

But I said to him, "that was not what you taught me when a boy."

"Oh fudge!" said the father, "you are a man now. There's nothing wrong in being a 'Wass' man now, and didn't Christ give him the keys to heaven?"

I couldn't help but think—suppose every man would follow Christ's example here, and honor and reward the liar above every one else. But there are millions of good people who reverence St. Peter, and make all kinds of excuses for his lying, and who think that he was the proper selection for Christ to have made. Well, again I had occasion to remark it altogether the way people look at it.

Now if this young lady knew the history of the rise of the Christian religion (see "Trip to Rome"), she would understand how it was that the example of Christ, who advocated the use of the sword, to establish his doctrines and his leadership, proves to be the greatest calamity that ever fell to the human race. She would understand how very unwise it is for people who have outgrown antiquity in everything else, to still cling to its superstitions, and to the examples set by its dreamers, and myths and pretended Saviors, and to the teachings of its priests, priests' temperance to the people, but make bogs of themselves in drinking it. Rich Protestant Christians have their cellars stocked with the choicest old brandies. Why not? Did not Christ himself manufacture wine? On the other hand, there are millions of good Christians who would stop the use of it altogether. They positively reject the example of Christ. They would be horrified to see a priest convert water into wine, and pass it around; yet they will accept big donations from distillers and brewers, and even accept them as highly esteemed members of the church. Many good Christians are prohibitionists, but they won't vote the Prohibition ticket. Thus you perceive that Christian example is one thing, and Christian observance of it another. In fact, if Christians are prohibitionists, by the Christian interpretation and practice of it, the hardest thing in the world for the rest of us to understand would be the "Christian example."

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## MRS. HENRY TAKES ISSUE WITH SOME OF HER CRITICS

### PRESS REPORTS OF HER FUNERAL ORATION CARBLED IN ORDER TO CATER TO THE ORTHODOX MAJORITY

Since the death of our revered and lamented Editor Charles Chilton Moore, the press has given large space to his life, work, ideas, and influence, and to the addresses delivered at his funeral. This one occasion produced more comment and thought as to the truth or falsity of the Christian religion, as preached to the unthinking believers, than several from ten thousand pulpits.

Some of the newspaper reports of this great man were correct, and some were not. Some of the reports, devoted to carry favor with the majority, who do no thinking on religious questions, or if they do have not the courage to express their thoughts. At Mr. Moore's special request Dr. J. Wilson, Hon. Moses Kaufman and myself, delivered the address at his funeral. The Lexington papers announced that "while Mrs. Josephine H. Henry was speaking, there were murmurs of dissent from the large audience assembled." As the speaker, looking at the audience in the face, I was in the best position to have heard any dissent. There was not the slightest movement or sound, but all gave their attention to what was said, and broke the profound silence except the speaker's voice. If there was dissent from anything said, it was silent mental dissent, and if there had been audible dissent, it certainly would have been a display of very bad religion, bad taste, and bad manners. It was known by all who attended Editor Moore's funeral that he was a Free-thinker, and that he would have a Free-thought funeral, and if he had attended for the purpose of dissenting or disturbing the solemnity of the occasion, it was not only unkind, but it was cruel intolerance.

That condemnation would be severe enough for Free-thinkers to intrude themselves at Christian funerals and dissent audibly from the Christian tenets of the dead or the preacher who conducted the services? Free-thinkers scorn the idea of thus intruding upon the sacred rights of the dead or the living, but they also claim and demand respect for their right to reason and come to their own conclusions, without the dictation of cleric or layman. The press, however, has catered to the position of the majority in saying there was dissent from the addresses at Editor Moore's funeral, but in its zeal, it was too shortsighted to recognize that it placed the dissenters in a very bad light, and it discovered no dissent, and will not allow myself to think that religious intolerance is so rank in this day.

The press dwelt with emphasis on the idea that there was no hope in my address and had glaring head lines which said:

"Death the end of all. No flowers of hope laid on grave of Charles Chilton Moore."

"Chas. C. Moore lowered to final example. Millions of good people say, 'Buddha, Mohammed and others were the genuine Divine examples, and not Jesus Christ.'"

And so the world will continue on, but the best article of "example" and all trying to introduce its wares to the world. Protestants will continue to send missionaries to Catholics, and Catholics to Protestants, and both to the Heathen, and the Heathen will send missionaries in turn, to convert quarrelling Christians, and so on ad infinitum, ad nauseum.

Meanwhile the Liberal, Jew, the Free-thinker, the Scientist, and all progressive and advanced people, stand in utter amazement, as they behold antiquity in passing show.

If my young lady friend is acquainted with ancient history, she surely knows that millions of people lived honorable, upright lives before the coming of Christ, and if her eyes are now open, she will perceive millions today who are living honest upright lives, independent of any particular religion, and without any religion.

It is altogether, my dear girl, as I have possibly remarked more than once before, just how different people look at it.

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY ON MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

All persons who have not read it, should order from Josephine K. Henry, her new pamphlet on "Marriage and Divorce." 25 cents for a single copy; 5 copies for \$1.00.

This pamphlet is in great demand

resting place without the rites of clergy."

"Mrs. Josephine K. Henry's address at the funeral of Editor Chas. C. Moore, was a beautiful and powerful, as it exceeded in beauty and pathos, that delivered by Col. Ingersoll over the grave of his brother. It was a gem of oratory that will be enshrined on the pages of literature. So beautiful, so impressive, but so mournful, as it gave no hope of life after death."

All this is made out of the assertion that "The clergy do not know, and we do not know what lies beyond the grave. If they will bring in their proof of heaven, hell and immortality, the whole world will join the Christian ranks, and there will be no need of evangelists or missionaries."

What do the Christians mean when they print death notices every day in the papers like this, "Entered into eternal rest," "Fell into everlasting sleep," and sing with mournful dirges over their dead, "A calm and undisturbed repose unbroken by the last of a long and useful life?"

If these do not mean eternal sleep and rest for the dead, what do they mean? With the immortal Ingersoll I exclaim "Let us be honest." It is not about time for the world to look squarely in the face and be honest enough to say we do not know whether there is a life beyond the grave or not? Millions have gone to the grave, but not one has ever signaled from a further shore. Bring in your proof of a person, God, the soul, immortality, heaven and hell, then, and not till then will be the opportune time to condemn those who refuse to accept demonstrated truth. Truth is one, creed and dogma are numerous, and all the beliefs under the sun, moon and stars cannot alter a fact in nature. The reporter made me to say in print in the last few sentences of my address that which I never said.

The address was properly printed in the Blade and by reading it the mistake or design of the reporter will be seen. Whether the addresses over our dear departed Editor Moore were without hope or not, he slept as peacefully as sweetly, and as peacefully as if all the "rights of clergy of combined Christendom, had consigned his lifeless clay to the bosom of Mother Nature, and under innumerable law, where the believers are after death, there he be also.

Whether these funeral addresses were condemned or not by the orthodox press from the Atlantic to the Pacific have never been mentioned, and the mails have been burdened with commendatory letters from those in whose hearts they struck a responsive chord, and the departed saints and angels of the Christian world left no brighter record of a grand and noble life on the scroll of fame than the departed Editor of The Blue Grass Blade.

Versailles, Kentucky.

Judges of Divorce Courts and lawyers sending in orders for it from all sections. Divorce example, and millions say Christ, while millions of others credit none of them as being "IT."

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